the King gone to night, subscrib'd his power, confined to exhibition, all this done vpon the gad; *Edmund*, how now, what newes?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none.

Glost. Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp that letter?

Bast. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord.

Glost. No, what needs then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket, the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide it selfe, lets see, come if it be nothing I shal not need spectacles.

Bast. I beseech you sir pardon me, it is a Letter from my brother, that I haue not all ore read, for so much as I haue perused, I finde it not fit for your liking.

Glost. Giue me the letter sir.

Bast. I shall offend, either to detaine or giue it, the contents as in part I vnderstand them, are too blame.

Glo. Lets see, Lets see.

Bast. I hope for my brothers iustification, he wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my vertue. *A Letter.*

Glost. This policy of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times, keepes our fortunes from vs till our oldnesse cannot relish them, I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who swaies not as it hath power, but as it is suffered, come to mee, that of this I may speake more; if our Father would sleepe till I wakt him, you should enioy halfe his reuenew for euer, and liue the beloued of your brother *Edgar*.

Hum, conspiracy, slept till I wakt him, you should enioy halfe his reuenew: my sonne *Edgar*, had he a hand to write this, a hart and braine to breed it in? when came this to you, who brought it?

Bast. It was not brought me my Lord, there's the cunning of it, I found it throwne in at the casement of my Closet.

Glost. You know the carracter to be your brothers?

Bast. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durst sweare it were his, but in respect of that, I would faine think it were not.

Glost.

Glost. Is it his?

Bast. It is his hand my Lor
the contents.

Glost. Hath he neuer heere
nesse?

Bast. Neuer my Lord, but
it to be fit, that sonnes at perfi
father should be as Ward to t
the reuenew.

Glost. O villaine, villaine, hi
horrid villaine, vnnaturall det
bruitish, go sir seeke him; I, ap
laine, where is he?

Bast. I do not well know
suspend your indignation ag
riue from him better testimon
certaine course, where if you
staking his purpose, it woul
honour, and shake in peeces
pawne downe my life for him
affection to your Honour, an

Glost. Thinke you so?

Bast. If your Honour iudg
you shall heare vs conferre o
haue your satisfaction, and t
this very euening.

Glost. He cannot be such a

Bast. Nor is not sure.

Glost. To his father, that
heauen and earth! *Edmund*
pray you frame your busines
vnstate my selfe ro be in a d

Bast. I shall seeke him si
shall see meanes, and acqua

Glo. These late Eclipses i
good to vs, though the wis
thus, yet nature findes it s

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